STAN LEE PRESENTS CHAMBER of CHILLS™

ANY TIME AT ALL THAT YOU FEEL DEAD TIRED, AND IN NEED OF A NICE PEACEFUL REST, JUST DROP IN AT YOUR CEMETERY, AND TALK IT OVER WITH...

THE GHOUL!

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COPS! THEY'RE COMIN' AFTER ME! I GOTTA BEAT IT!

STOP! STOP! OR I'LL SHOOT!
HE'S GETTING AWAY! I'M GONNA FIRE!
CRACK!

IF THEY CATCH ME, I'LL GET THE CHAIR FOR MURDER! HOW DID THEY KNOW IT WAS ME? I GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!
HE'S AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE! MUST OF DUCKED BEHIND ONE OF THESE TOMBSTONES!
IF YOU SEE HIM, SHOOT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS AFTERWARD!

HERE HE IS, JOE! I GOT A GOOD MIND TO LET HIM HAVE IT!
YEAH, ME TOO! I'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO BLAST THE GUTS OUT OF ONE OF THESE SLIMY CHARACTERS!
NO! NO! DON'T SHOOT! I GOT MY HANDS UP!

BE CAREFUL, BOB! DON'T GET TOO CLOSE! SOME OF THESE GHOULS HAVE MIGHTY STRANGE POWERS!
AH, THIS GHOUL DON'T LOOK LIKE MUCH! HE COULDN'T EVEN GET AWAY FROM US!

HUH? WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I AIN'T NO GHOUL!
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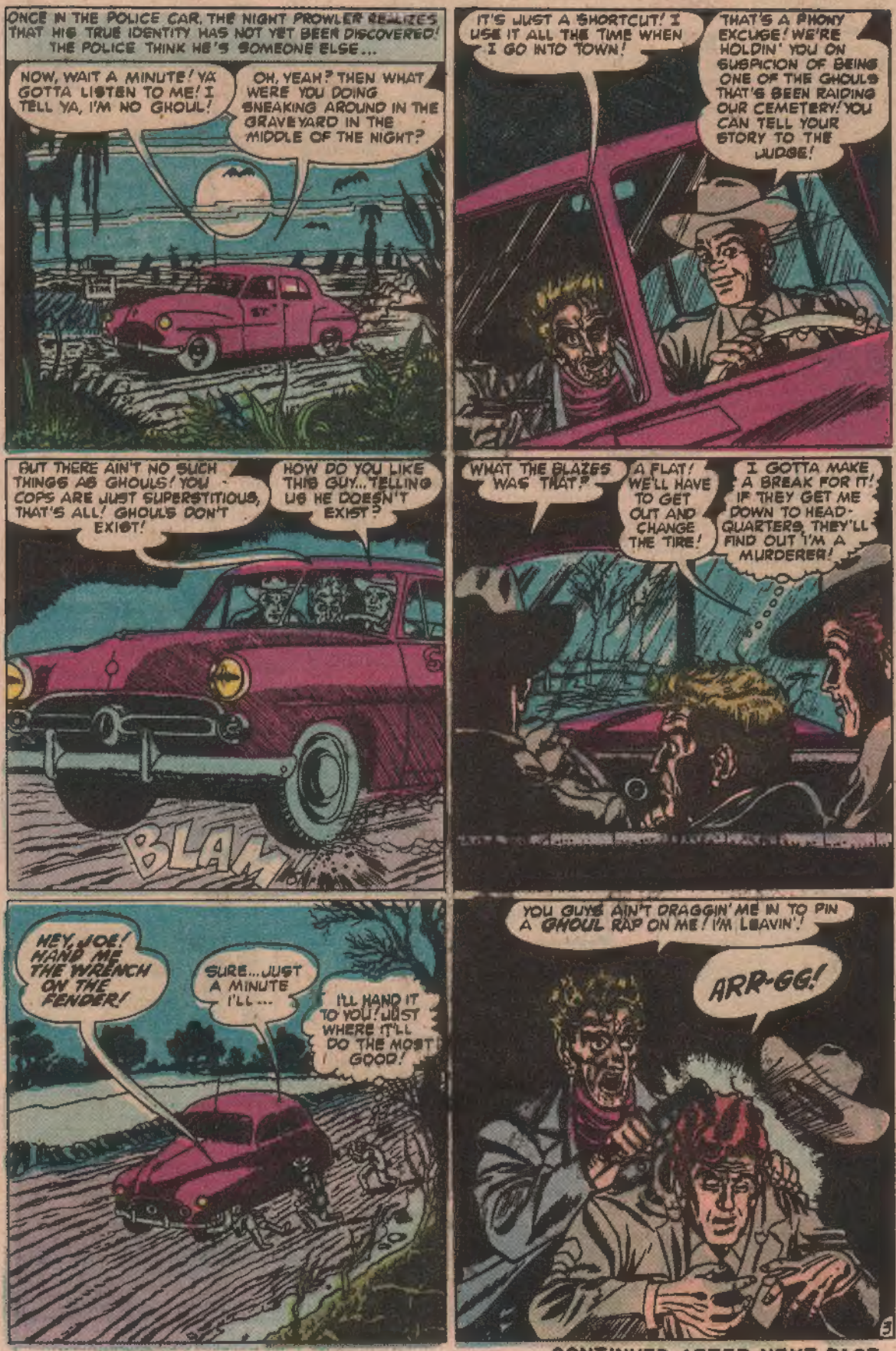
ONCE IN THE POLICE CAR, THE NIGHT PROWLER REALIZES THAT HIS TRUE IDENTITY HAS NOT YET BEEN DISCOVERED! THE POLICE THINK HE'S SOMEONE ELSE...
NOW, WAIT A MINUTE! YA GOTTA LISTEN TO ME! I TELL YA, I'M NO GHOUL!
OH, YEAH? THEN WHAT WERE YOU DOING SNEAKING AROUND IN THE GRAVEYARD IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT?
IT'S JUST A SHORTCUT! I USE IT ALL THE TIME WHEN I GO INTO TOWN!
THAT'S A PHONY EXCUSE! WE'RE HOLDIN' YOU ON SUSPICION OF BEING ONE OF THE GHOULS THAT'S BEEN RAIDING OUR CEMETERY! YOU CAN TELL YOUR STORY TO THE JUDGE!
BUT THERE AIN'T NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOULS! YOU COPS ARE JUST SUPERSTITIOUS, THAT'S ALL! GHOULS DON'T EXIST!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS GUY... TELLING US HE DOESN'T EXIST?
BLAM
WHAT THE BLAZES WAS THAT?
A FLAT! WE'LL HAVE TO GET OUT AND CHANGE THE TIRE!
I GOTTA MAKE A BREAK FOR IT! IF THEY GET ME DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS, THEY'LL FIND OUT I'M A MURDERER!
HEY, JOE! HAND ME THE WRENCH ON THE FENDER!
SURE... JUST A MINUTE I'LL...
I'LL HAND IT TO YOU! JUST WHERE IT'LL DO THE MOST GOOD!
YOU GUYS AIN'T DRAGGIN' ME IN TO PIN A GHOUL RAP ON ME! I'M LEAVIN'!
ARR-GG!
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CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

STOP! YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY!
THEY'LL NEVER GET ME! IF I GET CAUGHT, THEY'LL KNOW WHO I AM.. AND I'LL GET THE CHAIR! I GOTTA RUN!
CRACK! CRACK!

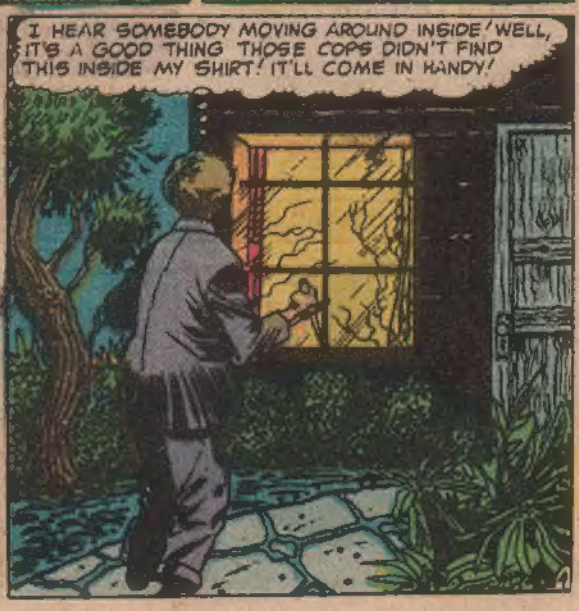
FEAR LENDS FLEETNESS TO A DESPERATE MAN! HE ELUDES HIS PURSUERS BY PLUNGING INTO THE UNDER-BRUSH...
I...I GOTTA KEEP RUNNIN'! THEY WON'T CATCH ME! I'M TOO FAST FOR 'EM!

HE KEEPS RUNNING, WITH HIS HEART POUNDING LIKE A SLEDGE-HAMMER..

..UNTIL HIS BREATH IS LIKE THE BLAST OF A HOT FURNACE...

UNTIL HE KNOWS THAT HE HAS ESCAPED...

SUDDENLY AS HE COMES OUT ONTO A SMALL CLEARING HE SEES IT! A SMALL SHACK LIKE THAT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SWAMPLAND, IS THE PERFECT HIDING PLACE..
THERE'S A LIGHT ON! MUST BE SOMEBODY HOME!


I HEAR SOMEBODY MOVING AROUND INSIDE! WELL, IT'S A GOOD THING THOSE COPS DIDN'T FIND THIS INSIDE MY SHIRT! IT'LL COME IN HANDY!

IN ANSWER TO CHANNEY'S KNOCK ON THE DOOR, A LATCH CLICKS OPEN AND A LITTLE, OLD GUY SHOVES HIS FACE OUTSIDE
YES? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
YOU CAN LET ME INSIDE, OLD BUZZARD, OR I'LL SHOVE THIS SHIV RIGHT INTO YOUR HEART!
ONCE INSIDE, CHANNEY SLAMS THE BOLT SHUT, AND WARNS THE OLD MAN TO KEEP QUIET...
I WARN YOU, IF YOU LET OUT A PEEP I'LL KILL YOU! I'VE MURDERED BEFORE AND ANOTHER WON'T MATTER!
I WON'T SAY ANYTHING!
THE COPS HAD ME IN THEIR HANDS, AND THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHO THE BLAZES I WAS! HERE I AM, WANTED IN TEN STATES FOR MURDER, AND THOSE DOPES TELL ME I'M A GHOUL!
I'M A MURDERER OKAY, BUT ONE THING YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT! I'M NO LOUSY GHOUL! YOU DON'T THINK I'M ONE, DO YOU?
HEY! I ASKED YOU IF YOU THOUGHT I WAS ONE OF THOSE GHOULS?
YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE ONE! YOU DON'T ACT LIKE ONE! SO I'M PRETTY SURE YOU'RE NOT A GHOUL!
BUT I AM!
THE END

LET US OPEN THIS LITTLE SYMPHONY OF TERROR IN A SLEEPY COLLEGE CLASS-ROOM ON A SPRING AFTERNOON WHILE THE LECTURER'S VOICE DRONES ON AND ON.

AND SHE DOES CREATE SOME PRETTY HORRIBLE THINGS, AS WE ALL KNOW! FOR INSTANCE, SHE CREATED SNAKES... AND THEN CREATED THE LITTLE MONGOOSE TO DESTROY THEM! WONDERFUL, EH?
HMM!

THEY RUSHED TO THE LAKE-KEEPER AND TOLD HIM THE FANTASTIC STORY...

HMM! THAT SOUNDS PRETTY MUCH AS IF YOU HAD A NIGHTMARE, KIDS! COME ON DOWN TO THE UNDERWATER OBSERVATORY! I'LL SHOW YOU THAT NOTHING LIKE THAT EXISTS IN OUR LAKE!
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT! I HOPE WE DID ONLY IMAGINE IT!
I'M SICK! IF IT'S STILL THERE, I DON'T WANT TO SEE IT!

IN A MATTER OF A FEW HOURS, THE WORLD HAD LEARNED ABOUT THE HORRORS IN THE LAKE...

DAILY HERALD
STRANGE DENIZENS DISCOVERED IN LAKE
THE BULLETIN
UGLY HALF-FISH, HALF-BEAST CALLED THREAT TO SAFETY
NEW YORK GLOBE
AUTHORITIES RUSH PLANS TO DO AWAY WITH WEIRD BEASTS
WEEKLY EXPRESS
ARMY CALLED OUT TO REPEL STRANGE CREATURES

HEAVY ARTILLERY FAILED TO WIPE OUT THE THREAT! A MEETING WAS HELD AT THE COLLEGE...

HAS ANYBODY GOT ANY IDEAS? ANYBODY AT ALL? ANY IDEAS?
PROFESSOR...YOUR THEORY ABOUT THERE BEING SOME GREATER POWER TO DESTROY ANY OTHER POWER...WOULD THAT WORK HERE...AND HOW?
HMM! I DON'T SEE WHY NOT!
WELL, LET'S HEAR IT, MAN!

WELL, FOR EVERY EVIL THERE'S AN ANTIDOTE! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FIND THE PROPER ONE AND WE'RE ALL SET!
VERY CLEVER! AND HOW DO YOU PROPOSE WE FIND THIS ANTI-DOTE, PROFESSOR?
POISON THE LAKE!
OF COURSE! IT WON'T HURT TO TRY! THE BULLETS WON'T KILL THEM, BUT POISON MIGHT!

SO, THE GREAT RESOURCES OF MODERN SCIENCE WERE BROUGHT TO BEAR ON THE LAKE OF TERROR AND THOUSANDS OF GALLONS OF EVERY KIND OF POISON WERE POURED INTO THE MURKY WATERS!

OUT OF THE DENSE WATERS, THEY LEAPED IN WEIRD DEATH THROES...TWISTING, SCREAMING WITH PAIN! IT WAS A SIGHT UNLIKE ANY EVER SEEN BY MAN AND NEVER LIKELY TO BE SEEN AGAIN...

WHAT A DAY TO HAVE TO LISTEN TO DREARY LECTURES! I'D RATHER GO FISHING!
WHY DON'T WE, STEVE? THE STUDENTS HAVE BEEN INVITED TO TRY THEIR LUCK AT THE NEW FISH-BREEDING LAKE! WHAT DO YOU SAY WE GO? IT'S PART OF OUR COURSE ANYWAY!

AN INVITATION LIKE THAT WAS HARD TO TURN DOWN ON A DAY SUCH AS THIS, SO STEVE DANNING AND MARY CROSBY WENT TO THE GIANT FISH-BREEDING LAKE...

THE WATER EXPLODED AND OUT OF IT LEAPED A GIGANTIC... WHAT? FISH? BEAST? IT WAS A COMBINATION OF BOTH... AND WORSE...

IT CHURNED BACK INTO THE DEPTHS AGAIN, A VICIOUS, ANGRY THING, FANGS GNASHING, CLAWS RIPPING THE AIR, AS THE TWO YOUNG PEOPLE RAN IN SHEER PANIC...

SOON THE SURFACE OF THE LAKE WAS COVERED BY THE FLOATING CORPSES...

MMM! THAT'S STRANGE! THE WATER'S CHURNING... LIKE A TIDAL UPHEAVAL!
PROBABLY A REACTION SETTING IN FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE CORPSES! IT'LL END SOON!

BUT THE WAVES PILED UP STILL HIGHER...AND OUT OF ITS DEPTHS CAME A DEEP GRUMBLING SOUND...LIKE A CAVERN-LIKE VOICE...

THANK YOU, MORTALS... THANK YOU FOR DOING AWAY WITH THE ONLY ANTIDOTE THAT KILLED US AND KEPT US UNDER CONTROL! NOW YOU HAVE FREED US...
WHAT THE BLAZES IS THAT?

THE WAVES LEAPED STILL HIGHER! OUT OF THEM POKED THE TIPS OF HUGE, BAT-LIKE WINGS! THE SPECTATORS WERE FROZEN IN THEIR TRACKS...UNABLE TO MOVE! ONLY THE PROFESSOR FOUND HIS TONGUE...

OLD JOHN WAS PROUD OF HIS 93 YEARS.. HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT SOMEONE HAD DECIDED HE WAS..

TOO OLD TO LIVE

WISH WERE DEAD DON'T YOU SETH HEH HEH THEN EVERYBODY WOULD COME SEE YOU INSTEAD OF ME BUT YOU'D ONLY BE THE SECOND OLDEST
SHUT UP, YOU OLD COOT! I'LL BE THE OLDEST SOMEDAY!

IT BOTHERS YOU SETH WHEN THE SUPERINTENDENT BRINGS THE VISITORS TO SEE ME HEH HEH BURNS YOU UP WHEN HE INTRODUCES ME AS THE OLDEST RESIDENT
LEAVE ME ALONE OLD JOHN I'M WARNIN YOU..

OLD JOHN HAD SETH'S GOAT AND IT GOT WORSE EVERY SINGLE DAY IT WAS ALMOST UNBEARABLE FOR SE
MORNING JOHN IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU TOMORROW WE DO HAVE SOME OF OUR MEAN PEOPLE HERE TO SEE YOU
NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY LIFE

YOU KNOW I THINK SETH IS JEALOUS THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH WINNERS LIKE HIM HEH HEH
OH NO I'M SURE SETH IS PROUD OF YOU OLD JOHN

YES, OLD JOHN WAS THE FAVORITE OF EVERYONE AT BERKLEY EVERYONE EXCEPT SETH HEH HEH..
GOOD HEAL SETH THE DOCS ARE COMING TO SEE ME AFTER THEY FINISH TO SEE YOU DO THEY SETH?

WHEN THEY CROWN HIM KING OF BERKLEY TOMORROW I WON'T BE ABLE TO STAND HIM HERE WEAR HIM DOWN ALL THE TIME

UNLESS I TONIGHT

SO THAT NIGHT ON THE EVE OF THE BIG PARTY SOMEONE SNUCK IN WHEN EVERYBODY WAS ASLEEP. . . SETH STROLLED FROM HIS BED

HE [illegible] OLD JOHN'S BED AND NOW I'M THE OLDEST NOW I'LL BE KING OF THE PARTY

SETH WAS RIGHT. THE SUPERVISOR THOUGHT IT WAS THERE WAS AN ACCIDENT. THEY TOOK OLD JOHN'S BODY OUT AT DAWN AND EVERYONE WAS VERY SAD EXCEPT SETH CHILDERS.

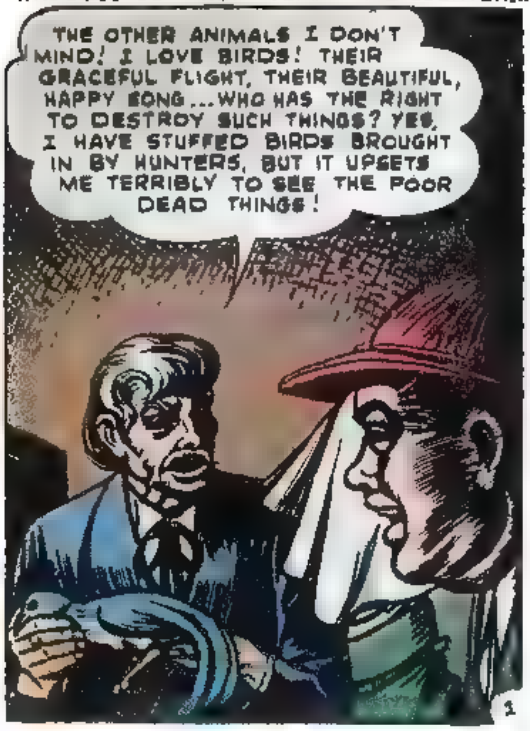
BUT LATER THAT MORNING AFTER A NEW INMATE HAD BEEN MOVED INTO OLD JOHN'S BED

WAKE UP SONNY BOY. I'M GOIN TO HAVE A GOOD TIME MY FIRST DAY AT BERKELY. EVEN A OLD MAN LIKE MY TWIN BROTHER DID DIE LAST NIGHT!
THE END

DOWN IN THE CELLAR™

TERRIFYING MYSTERY FROM A WEIRD WORLD!
YOU MURDERER! WHY, WHY DID YOU HAVE TO KILL THAT BEAUTIFUL BIRD?
I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND! THIS IS THE FIRST BIRD I'VE EVER SHOT... THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT HIM TO YOU TO BE STUFFED AND MOUNTED!

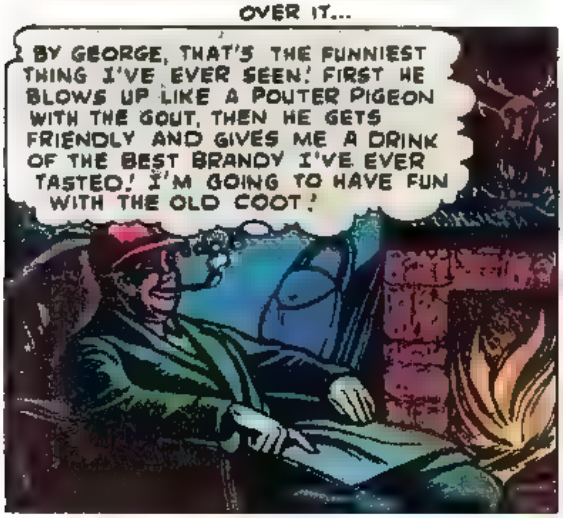
QUITE SUDDENLY, HIS MOOD CHANGES AS HE WADDLES OUT FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER...


THE OTHER ANIMALS I DON'T MIND! I LOVE BIRDS! THEIR GRACEFUL FLIGHT, THEIR BEAUTIFUL, HAPPY SONG... WHO HAS THE RIGHT TO DESTROY SUCH THINGS? YES, I HAVE STUFFED BIRDS BROUGHT IN BY HUNTERS, BUT IT UPSETS ME TERRIBLY TO SEE THE POOR DEAD THINGS!

YOU MUST FORGIVE MY PECULIAR BEHAVIOR, MR. GORT... I DON'T WANT YOU TO DISLIKE ME! HERE, I HAVE SOME FINE, OLD BRANDY!
OH, WE ALL HAVE OUR BAD MOMENTS, MR. JUDSON!

YOU OUGHT TO TRY BIG GAME SOME-TIME... THAT'S THE REAL THRILL! I HAVE SOME STUFFED SAMPLES DOWN IN THE CELLAR IF YOU'D CARE TO...
NO, NO, THANKS! I'VE GOT TO BE GETTING HOME NOW!

THE OLD GUY REALLY AMUSES ME, AND LATER IN MY HUNTING LODGE I HAVE A GOOD LAUGH OVER IT...

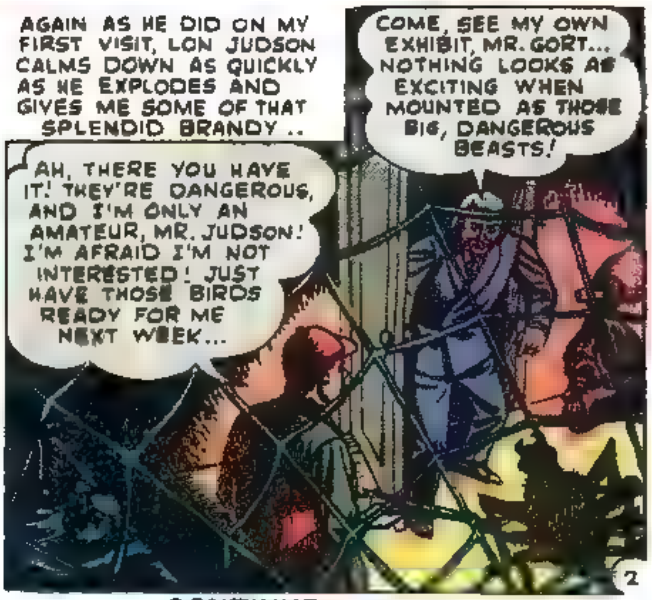

BY GEORGE, THAT'S THE FUNNIEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN! FIRST HE BLOWS UP LIKE A POUTER PIGEON WITH THE GOUT, THEN HE GETS FRIENDLY AND GIVES ME A DRINK OF THE BEST BRANDY I'VE EVER TASTED! I'M GOING TO HAVE FUN WITH THE OLD COOT!

SO, A WEEK LATER, I BRING HIM TWO MORE TO BE STUFFED AND MOUNTED...

IT'S WORSE THAN MURDER, MR. GORT.. IT'S DOWNRIGHT BUTCHERY! HAVE YOU NO SOUL?
OH, COME, JUDSON... IT'S NOT AS BAD AS ALL THAT! IT'S ALL FOR SPORT!

SPORT? IT'S HORRIBLE ENOUGH WHEN QUAIL ARE HUNTED FOR FOOD, BUT TO JUST WANTONLY SHOOT THEM TO SATISFY YOUR OWN LUST FOR KILLING...
YES, YES...BUT YOU WILL STUFF AND MOUNT THEM, TO PRESERVE THEIR BEAUTY FOREVER, WON'T YOU?

AGAIN AS HE DID ON MY FIRST VISIT, LON JUDSON CALMS DOWN AS QUICKLY AS HE EXPLODES AND GIVES ME SOME OF THAT SPLENDID BRANDY..


AH, THERE YOU HAVE IT! THEY'RE DANGEROUS, AND I'M ONLY AN AMATEUR, MR. JUDSON! I'M AFRAID I'M NOT INTERESTED! JUST HAVE THOSE BIRDS READY FOR ME NEXT WEEK...
COME, SEE MY OWN EXHIBIT, MR. GORT... NOTHING LOOKS AS EXCITING WHEN MOUNTED AS THOSE BIG, DANGEROUS BEASTS!

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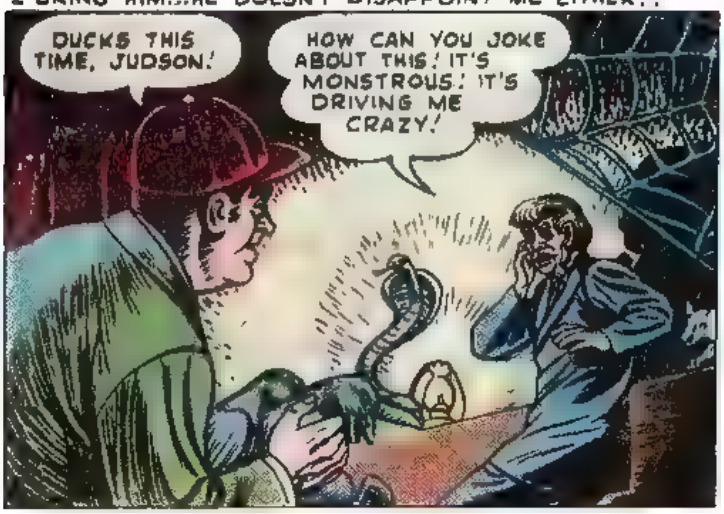
ALL RIGHT, MR. GORT, BUT PLEASE, NO MORE BIRDS! I'LL BE GLAD TO WORK ON ANY OTHER KIND OF GAME FOR YOU... I CAN DO WONDERS WITH OTTERS AND 'POSSUMS!
I'M SURE YOU CAN, MR. JUDSON! THANKS FOR THE BRANDY!

A FEW DAYS LATER I'M OUT HUNTING AGAIN... IT ALMOST FEELS AS IF I'M DOING IT JUST TO SPITE JUDSON...

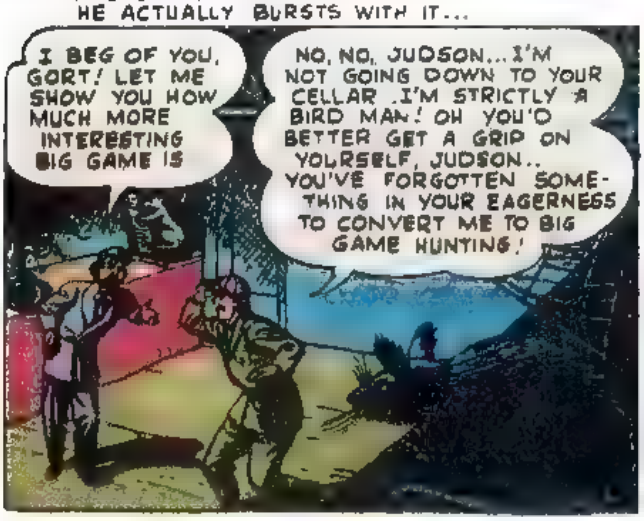
IT HAS BECOME A KIND OF GAME SEEING JUDSON'S FURY INCREASE PROPORTIONATELY WITH THE NUMBER OF BIRDS I BRING HIM... HE DOESN'T DISAPPOINT ME EITHER..



IT JUST GETS FUNNIER EACH TIME...

TAKE THESE, MR. GORT... THEY'LL LOOK FINE ABOUT YOUR HUNTING LODGE! THEY MAY EVEN REPLACE YOUR INTEREST IN BIRDS, SIR...
NO THANK YOU! JUST GET BUSY WITH THOSE DUCKS!

I CAN'T RESIST THE TEMPATION TO SEE TO WHAT EXTREME LON JUDSON'S FURY WILL GO BEFORE HE ACTUALLY BURSTS WITH IT...


I BEG OF YOU, GORT! LET ME SHOW YOU HOW MUCH MORE INTERESTING BIG GAME IS
NO, NO, JUDSON... I'M NOT GOING DOWN TO YOUR CELLAR. I'M STRICTLY A BIRD MAN! OH YOU'D BETTER GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF, JUDSON.. YOU'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING IN YOUR EAGERNESS TO CONVERT ME TO BIG GAME HUNTING!

I'M SORRY, MR. GORT... I DID FORGET YOUR BRANDY! BUT PROMISE ME, SIR! LET THE BEAUTIFUL THINGS LIVE... LET THEM FLY AND SING THEIR BEAUTIFUL SONGS... PLEASE DO THAT!
EASY THERE, JUDSON... THAT STUFF IS TOO PRECIOUS TO WASTE!

A WEEK PASSES, AND SOMETHING INSIDE ME DRIVES ME TO MAKE THE BIGGEST HAUL OF ALL! JUST FOR JUDSON...
WELL, WELL, MR. GORT... YOU SEEM TO HAVE SOMETHING REAL BIG IN HERE... A MOOSE, PERHAPS. OR A DEER?
YOU JUST WAIT AND SEE, MY FRIEND!
BUT JUDSON DOESN'T REACT AT ALL AS I EXPECT..
PEACOCKS DON'T FLY AND THEIR SONG IS NOTHING MORE THAN A HORRIBLE CROAKING!
YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME!
LOOK, OLD BOY, I'M SORRY! I'VE CARRIED THIS THING TOO FAR! PERHAPS, I WOULD GET A BIGGER KICK OUT OF HUNTING BIG ANIMALS! HOW ABOUT LETTING ME SEE THAT COLLECTION OF YOURS?
YES! YES! ONCE YOU SEE THOSE VICIOUS BEASTS I HAVE DOWN THERE YOU'LL NEVER HUNT ANOTHER BIRD! IT'S A MAGNIFICENT EXHIBIT YOU'LL SEE!
BUT FIRST A BIT OF BRANDY! EH, GORT? OH, SAY, THERE'S JUST ENOUGH HERE FOR ONE DRINK, BUT YOU HAVE IT, MR. GORT!
THAT DOESN'T SEEM QUITE FAIR! STILL IF YOU INSIST.
THE BRANDY'S TASTE IS A LITTLE STRANGE BUT STILL DARNED GOOD! THEN, AS JUDSON LEADS ME DOWN THE CELLAR STEPS, I BEGIN TO FEEL FUNNY...
I'M DIZZY, JUDSON, MY FEET ARE LIKE LEAD!
IT'S VERY STUFFY DOWN HERE, MR. GORT! BUT YOU'LL GET USED TO IT.. THEY ALL DO!
JUST STAND THERE SO YOU DON'T STUMBLE OVER ANYTHING! I'LL FIND THE LIGHT IN A MOMENT! DON'T MOVE!
I'M FEELING KIND OF FUNNY... AS IF MY LEGS ARE GOING TO SLEEP! HURRY UP AND SHOW ME THOSE ANIMALS... IF I DON'T GET SOME FRESH AIR SOON I'LL PASS OUT!
I'M GETTING NUMB! THAT BRANDY, THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH IT! YOU'VE DRUGGED ME, YOU DEVIL!
I'VE MET OTHERS LIKE YOU, MR. GORT... I BEGGED THEM NOT TO KILL BIRDS! THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN, EITHER! THEY KEPT BRINGING ME THE POOR LITTLE FEATHERED CREATURES TO BE STUFFED AND MOUNTED!
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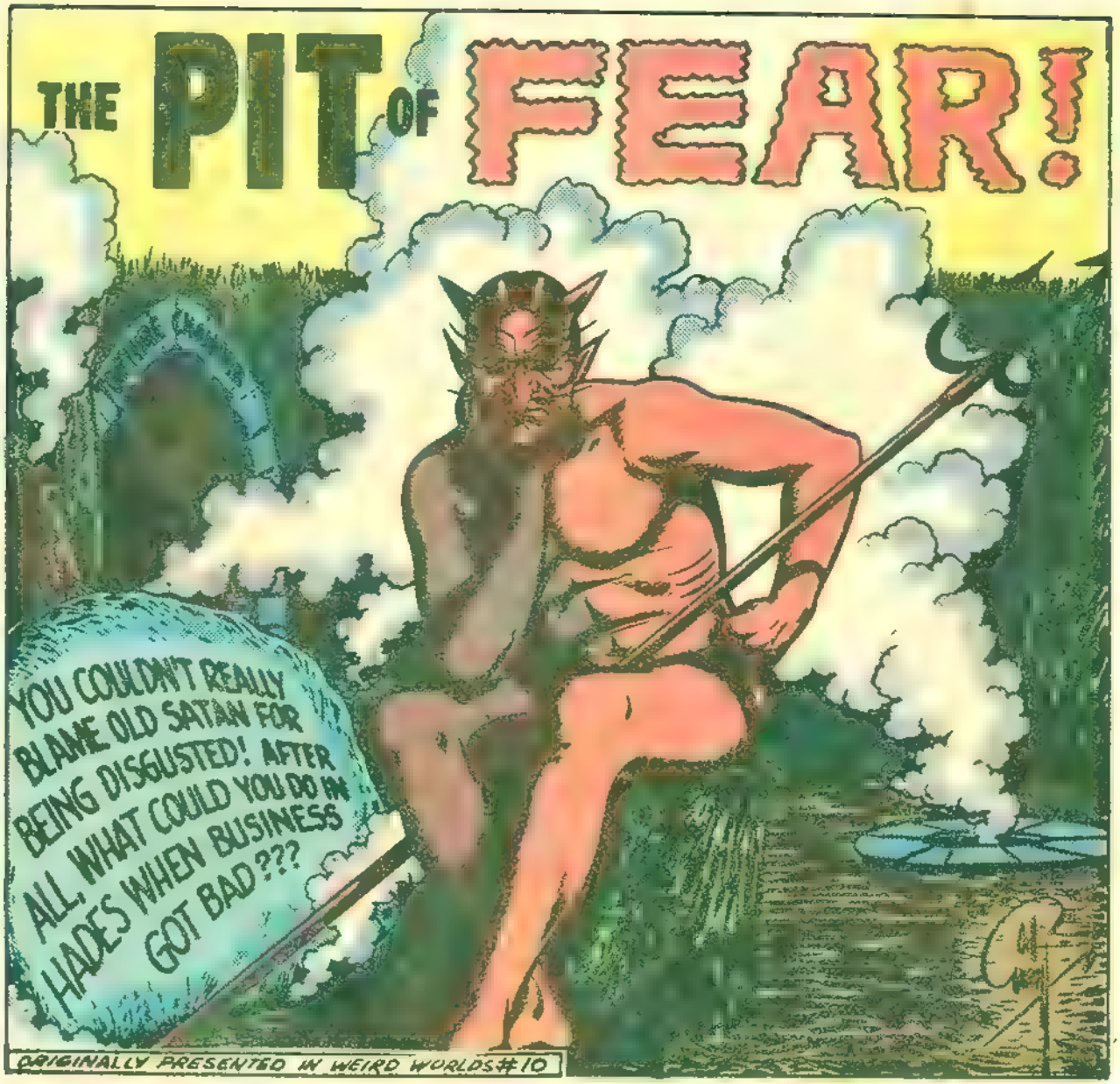
HIS EYES BLAZE INSANELY! HIS GRIN IS FRIGHTFUL TO SEE...
I WARNED YOU, GORT... ONCE, TWICE, THREE TIMES... BUT YOU KEPT BRINGING MORE AND MORE DEAD BIRDS INTO MY SHOP! YOU'RE A MURDERER! A BIRD MURDERER!
SUDDENLY, I CAN'T MOVE! I CAN ONLY WATCH HIM SCREAMING AT ME...
AND I KNOW THE MAN IS MAD...
HIS UGLY FACE NEARLY TOUCHES MINE, THEN HE WITHDRAWS IT... I HEAR HIS DODDERING FOOTSTEPS CROSS THE CELLAR, AND A LIGHT GOES ON, BLINDING ME...
MY WILD BEAST EXHIBIT!
NOW MY EYES HAVE BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO THE LIGHT... AND HEAVEN HELP ME... MY LIDS ARE PARALYZED! I WANT TO CUT OFF THAT SIGHT!
LOOK, GORT, THIS IS MY SPORT!
YOU SEE? I HUNT BIRD HUNTERS!
THE END

THE PIT OF FEAR!



ORIGINALLY PRESENTED IN WEIRD WORLDS #10

IT GOT SO THAT WHEN A CUSTOMER CAME DOWN FOR A GOING OVER, NOT ONE OF THEM WOULD MAKE A MOVE TO WORK ON HIM! THEY WERE ALL GETTING SMUG AND LAZY···
HEY, HERE COMES ANOTHER ONE!
AW, LET HIM GO! IT'S TOO HOT TO WORK TODAY!

AND THE WHOLE THING MADE OLD NICK SO HOPPING MAD THAT HE JUST COULDN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT! HE WAS READY TO BLOW HIS TOP
THIS CAN'T GO ON! I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO GET THOSE BOYS BACK ON THEIR TOES!

BUT FINALLY SATAN COULD STAND IT NO LONGER! HE DECIDED TO PUT HIS CLOVEN HOOF DOWN ...
BY GEORGE THAT DOES IT! I'M GETTING SICK AND TIRED OF THE SHODDY INEFFICIENCY AROUND THIS PLACE! YOU BUMS HAVE GOOFED OFF FOR THE LAST TIME! THINGS ARE GOING TO CHANGE!

I'M GOING TO CLEAN THIS DUMP UP! I'M BRINGING DOWN AN *EFFICIENCY EXPERT* FROM EARTH TO STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT ... I'LL GIVE HIM ENOUGH POWER TO WHIP YOU GOONS INTO LINE!!!

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IT WAS FOUR DAYS LATER WHEN SATAN ARRIVED BACK IN HADES ... BUT HE WASN'T ALONE! HE HAD BROUGHT WITH HIM A CERTAIN MR. FROST, EFFICIENCY EXPERT!

...AND I WARN YOU ALL, I'VE GIVEN MR. FROST UNLIMITED POWERS TO CLEAN UP THE CORRUPTION IN THIS PLACE! HE HAS THE BEST REFERENCES FOR BEING THE MEANEST EXPERT ON EARTH!

ELEVATORS TO EARTH
20 MILES UP
(SEE SATAN FOR PASSPORTS & VISAS)

AW, JUST WHEN THINGS WERE GETTING NICE AND COMFORTABLE!

I WISH A GUY COULD QUIT THIS JOB!

HE'D BETTER NOT GET TOUGH WITH ME!

I'M GIVING MR. FROST A BIG REWARD FOR PUTTING THIS PLACE BACK IN SHAPE, AND I'VE TOLD HIM NOT TO BE AFRAID OF PUTTING YOU ALL THROUGH THE WORKS!

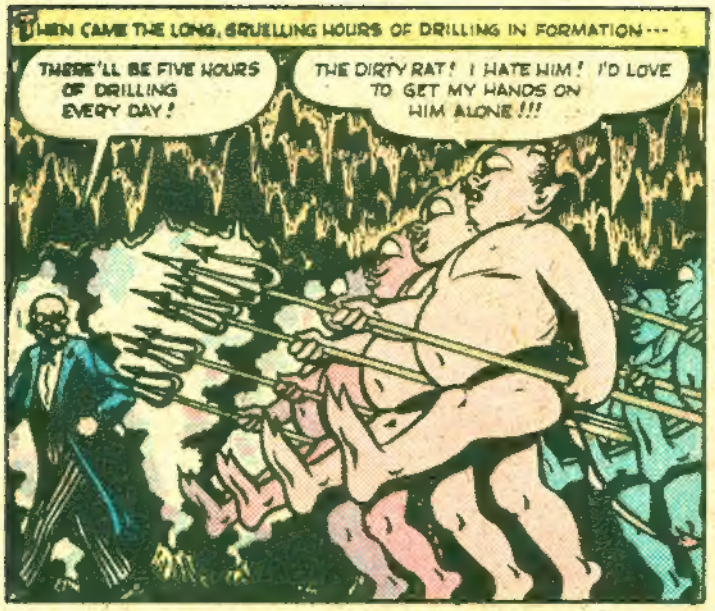
IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, THE IMPS LEARNED THAT MR. FROST WAS NO JOKE! FIRST WENT THE CARD GAMES ...

THERE'LL BE NO MORE GAMBLING IN HADES!!!

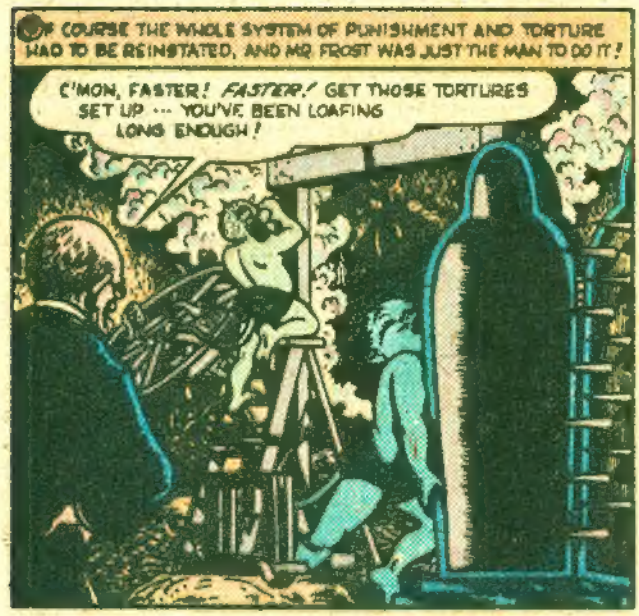
AND THEN THE SESSIONS OF WILD DRUNKENNESS ...

...AND NO MORE DRINKING! GET BACK TO THE PITS!

FROM NOW ON THINGS ARE GOING TO BE DIFFERENT AROUND HERE! I'LL MAKE IT SO HOT FOR ALL OF YOU THAT YOU'LL WORK OR YOU'LL WISH YOU WERE SOMEWHERE ELSE!


THEN CAME THE LONG, GRUELLING HOURS OF DRILLING IN FORMATION ···
THERE'LL BE FIVE HOURS OF DRILLING EVERY DAY!
THE DIRTY RAT! I HATE HIM! I'D LOVE TO GET MY HANDS ON HIM ALONE!!!

I HEARD THAT! AND I SEE YOUR TRIDENT IS RUSTY ···WASN'T BEEN CLEANED! YOU WILL DO TEN HOURS OF EXTRA WORK THIS WEEKEND!!!


OF COURSE THE WHOLE SYSTEM OF PUNISHMENT AND TORTURE HAD TO BE REINSTATED, AND MR. FROST WAS JUST THE MAN TO DO IT!
C'MON, FASTER! FASTER! GET THOSE TORTURES SET UP ··· YOU'VE BEEN LOAFING LONG ENOUGH!

THE FINAL CHORE WAS THE LIGHTING OF THE SULPHUR PITS, WHICH BELCHED UNEARTHLY SMOKE ···
MOVE, YOU IMPS OF SATAN! GET THE LEAD OUT OF YOUR FEET! THIS PLACE WILL LOOK LIKE HADES BEFORE I'M THROUGH!

AND IT DID!

AND WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER, MR. FROST WENT TO SATAN TO CLAIM THE WEALTH THAT HAD BEEN PROMISED HIM FOR THE JOB ···
ALL RIGHT, OLD NICK, THE JOB IS DONE! THIS PLACE IS NOW MORE EFFICIENT THAN IT EVER WAS! I WANT MY REWARD!
YES, YOU'VE DONE A GREAT PIECE OF WORK! THE POOR SOULS WHO'LL BE SENT DOWN HERE FROM NOW ON WILL REALLY SUFFER!

HERE'S YOUR REWARD, FROST··· JUST AS I PROMISED YOU! YOU'VE MADE THIS PLACE A REAL HADES!
I DID MY VERY BEST, SATAN!

WELL, I'D BETTER BE GETTING BACK UPSTAIRS NOW··· I'VE GOT AN EFFICIENCY JOB TO DO IN HOLLYWOOD!
OH, I WOULDN'T BOTHER GOING BACK UP THERE, IF I WERE YOU!

WH-WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I···I DON'T UNDERSTAND···
WHY, IT'S JUST THAT YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN SUCH A MEAN, HARD MAN UP ON EARTH, AND SO MANY PEOPLE HAVE HATED YOU···

YES, I KNOW···BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH···??
WELL YOU SEE, FROST···AS I KNEW WHEN I BROUGHT YOU DOWN HERE··· YOU'VE ONLY GOT ABOUT THREE MINUTES LEFT TO LIVE ON EARTH!!!

···AND SO, YOU'RE GOING TO BE OUR VERY FIRST CUSTOMER!!!
THE END

ADVENTURES INTO WEIRD WORLDS

NO. 10

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SEPT.

ENTER THESE WEIRD WORLDS

ON SALE EVERY MONTH

WHAT WENT ON "DOWN IN THE CELLAR?"

"THE GHOUL!"

"THE PIT OF HORROR!"

NEXT!

ATLAS